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The Dreamer



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Chapter 1 by Amity

It was an accident. Kind of. I was being my normal self, to curious for my own good, and I just stumbled upon it. I didn't mean to see it. But I did. I didn't mean to approach it. But I did. And I didn't know that it would change by life. But it did. And so, I guess over all, it was my fault when I opened the box. The box the changed my future. The box with the Dreamers ring.

I was babysitting at Marci's house. It was not uncommon thing, I babysat for her all the time. She was my mom's best friend, when she was still alive. I had gone to live with Gram after the death, and Gram was 89, and didn't really have enough money to support two people. So after the funeral, so many months ago, she offered me a job babysitting for her 2 kids, Jackar(Jac) and Leola(Leo). They were twins, and about the funniest kids I'd ever met. I loved babysitting them, and they loved it when I did. I got good pay, and I was happy I was making my own money instead of living off of what Gram had. I had just gotten to Marci's house, and it was about 6:00 o'clock. I knew that Marci wasn't here, nor were Jac and Leo. The twins had riding lessons from 4-6 every Tuesday and Thursday, so even know they were done at the lesson, it would take them a half an hour to get home from Kit Stables, where the lessons were held. I had always loved horses, and the fact that they each had one at the stables made me envy them greatly.

Jac's horse was named Pip, and Leo's was named Yo-yo. They were beautiful horses, and I had even been invited to go riding on them. I had always been so secretive about the second drawer on the top left of their cabinet. What could possibly be there

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that was so special? And so, since I was so overly curious, I went to find out. Is it bad to say that I wasn't surprised when I heard the door slam shut as soon as I opened the drawer? My luck. And so, just as I pulled out a light blue ring box from the drawer, Marci came running into the room, with Jac and Leo's feet pattering up the steps.

"Whatever you do," Marci said, looking at me with wide eyes. "Don't open it." And so, I did what any other 14 year old would do.

I opened the box.

Chapter 2 by Jegory



Swirls of smoke began to rise out from the box's wooden frame. They began to fill the room, wandering between us like majestic, silken ghosts. There was lightning; flashes of light, gold and blue and silver. Then the box began to feel very hot; it burned my hands, seared away at the flesh at my fingertips, so I dropped it, and watched as it fell, soaring through the folds of mist and smoke, until it collapsed against the floor and something small and metal spun out of it.

I beat away at the smoke; it was fading now, escaping through the open window, into the night. I bent down, gazing at this strange little thing that was resting on the carpet.

A ring?

It was small; it looked only just big enough to fit on my finger. It was a single round of silver metal, twisted into an ornate shape, like spiralling scales. And at the head was a gem, of misted blue; fat, and pale, and enticing. Without caring, without paying heed to Marci yelling at me to stop, I took it, I picked it up from the floor, and in a single, graceful movement, I slipped it over my finger.

The metal was still hot, but I didn't seem to feel it. Suddenly I felt light, like I was floating, wafted up on the vanishing smoke. I turned to see Marci running towards me, her arms outstretched...

But I couldn't just see her. I could see into her; her mind was unfolded to me, unfurled, open. I gazed into her head, and I could see her dreams.

Storms. Rain, dark stormy passage. See more of Story Wars night. Spiders. Insects crawling up her back and arms, and...

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Sunshine. Cool water, sand, happy voices. Her husband - looking rather more handsome than usual - holding out a drink to her. Laughter.

I could see them all. Every dream she'd ever had. She was flying. She was falling. She was wandering through a maze of endless corridors, trying to find an exit. I could see everything.

I came back to reality lying on the floor, feeling sick. She was standing over me, her children silhouetted by the door. And she had the ring.

"Get out," she said. "I never want to see you here again."

I obeyed. But even as I left her house, I knew. I knew I had to find that ring again.

Chapter 3 by Astrid



I haven't been able to stop running the memory through my head since. The feelings of terror when I saw her nightmares. The pure joy when I felt her dreams. Untouched by anything, untainted. I was hungry for more.

Chapter 4 by Aelin_Herondale6



I decided to go back at night and get the ring. I crawled out my window at grandma's house and ran to Marci's. I climbed up into her room and opened the drawer. It was right where it was when I first found it. It was about 4:00, so Marci and the kids were at riding lessons. I grabbed the box and opened it. This time there was no smoke, I guessed that had been an effect of not being opened in a long time. I slide the ring onto my finger and put the box back. Marci will probably not even find out it's missing. I climbed back out the window with ease. I climbed out windows a lot so that my grandma didn't know that I was leaving the house. I ran all the way back to my house incase I was being followed. I wasn't.

I set my feet down on the floor of my room and turned around. I jumped. There was a woman standing by my bed. She had long, white, angel-like wings. Her hair was a long, wavy, and light

blond. She had a teasingly timeless face. I caught it up, the woman was beautiful.

"Sorry to startle you, Diana." She smiled at me.

"Hi how did you know my name?"

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"I know many things," She replied. "I am Angelica. An Angel of Dreams. I am here to talk about that ring of yours."

I glanced at the ring. "What about it?" I asked.

"Marci was entrusted to protect that ring from Nyx. He is a nightmare spirit, cast down from the Dream City for rebellion." Angelica went on. "He has been after the Ring of Dreams for years to get back at the Dream Makers. I have come to take you to the Dream City. The Makers want to talk to you."

With that she took my hand and snapped her fingers, transporting us to the Dream City.

Chapter 5 by Time Travelers



We appeared suddenly in a street with large buildings on either side of us. It was a lot like New York City, only it wasn't. The streets were dead silent, and not a single window, door, or shutter was open. The buildings were all dank and grey, with the paint peeling off.

"Where is everyone?" I asked nervously, sensing this is not how the place usually looked.

"They're here" She replied, "In the windows, look"

Looking closer I could now see eyes peering around curtains in the windows. The eyes were all dull and tired, yet the feeling of uneasiness and panic could be felt blowing through the air.

Looking up at Angelica the sudden realization of what was actually occurring hit me dead in the chest. One moment I was in my grandmothers house, and now I was here in the heart of despair and desperation. All I wanted to do was run. But instead felt my legs turn to lead. Collapsing in a heap below the rest of my body. My breathing suddenly became raspy, and every breath feels like its own individual struggle. Shit, I'd thought my asthma was getting better. Or maybe it was simply the fact that i was having a panic attack along with it. Either way I felt my head getting lighter, and suddenly I was surrounded by cool black air.

Chapter 6 by Aelin_Herondale6



I woke with a start in a small room. I was in a comfortable enough bed, a girl was standing over

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"Kayla?" I said puzzled, if only for a moment. "Oh, that girl."

"Yes," She said, amused. "Kayla is one of the Apprentices. My apprentice, actually. I asked her to look after you for awhile."

"What happened?" I asked.

"You were knocked unconscious by the sudden change in demention." The angle said. "I brought you to the infirmary of the Dream Headquarters. The doctors healed you. You were brought to one of the spare rooms to recover."

The apprentice girl, Kayla came back with a tray of some sandwiches and water. She set them on the bedside table. "Let's get you ready to see the Makers now. I glanced back at the doorway to ask Angelica more but she was already gone.

After a finished eating, Kayla helped me into new clothes. "When you see the Makers," she said. " try to be polite. They don't look kindly upon rude and impolite humans. Especially ones with the Ring of Dreams in their possession."

"Who are the Makers and what do they want from me?" I questioned.

"The Makers make the Dreams that your kind dream at night. And as for what they want from you, I think you already know that answer." She answered.

Kayla lead me down corridor after corridor until we finally came upon a large set of oak doors. Kayla pushed them open and lead me inside. I stood before 12 large thrones on a dias in a huge sort of courtroom. On the thrones sat who I guessed were the Makers. 6 of them were men, 6 were women. All of them, angles.

"Diana Rainer," One of the Makers boomed. "You are here today to be interigated and have your fate in Dream City decided!"

Chapter 7 by Angela



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"We have already come up with 10 options for you to decide here." The same Maker said. "The first option is you could stay here, helping us with the ring and stay here helping us with the ring as well. Please choose quickly" another Maker boomed. "Umm how long do I have to make my decision?" I asked. "You

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only have two minutes! the third Maker told me. "Well then I choose to stay here and help." I replied with confidence.

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